

## THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1912.  
Published every week-day afternoon.  
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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending last Saturday was

6,100

copies, the largest circulation of any daily paper in Vermont outside of Burlington.

The Northfield fair wasn't necessary to bring the rain.

The election of M. J. Haggood assured that the State House will resound with the Peruvian bark. In fact, it has begun already.

Those bumper western crops won't serve to cut down the high price of living if we have to supply a good portion of Europe for another season.

Mayor Gaynor with his warring board of aldermen finds himself in about the same condition he would be in if president and with a warring Congress on his hands. And it's the one that Gaynor would have a warring Congress to deal with. His pugnacious nature would be bound to assert itself.

It goes without saying that Fort Ethan Allen is not a protector of the state from vice and crime, even though it may be a military stronghold. The places which have sprung up about the government reservation are sore on the social well-being of the state. The latest dance hall murder last Monday night wasn't necessary to tell us that information. And, too, these crimes seemingly become more frequent, while at the same time we do not hear so much about like conditions surrounding other government military reservations in New England and elsewhere. Is it due entirely to the racial instincts of the soldiery now assembled at Fort Ethan Allen?

### GODDARD'S OPENING.

The satisfactory opening of Goddard seminary for another school year is a pleasing indication of the youthfulness of this aging institution, if such a manner of description be appropriate. There are a large number of students, in fact, about as many as the school is able to accommodate, while the addition to the courses should tend to increase the efficiency of the school. The completion of the building now under process of construction will add to the material equipment of the institution and enable it to do better work in many departments. These features attendant on the beginning of the new school year are welcomed by the alumni and friends of Goddard and they cause a certain measure of satisfaction to this community which, naturally, has the interests of the school at heart.

### FLYING OVER VERMONT HILLS.

A strange device, looking like a large toy, comes sailing over the hilltop. It has the general shape and outline of a bird, with wings outstretched, body and tail behind and a protuberance in front which corresponds to the head of the bird. This great mechanical bird sails grandly aloft, skimming over hill and valley, following a real air line from point to point. Now it points its head upward and ascends to a higher level with even greater ease than the bird in its celestial flight; and, again, it dips its head slightly and brings itself within nearer vision of the gaping people below. Then the closer view reveals that the device carries a human form, and this human form seems to be exerting its influence over the contrivance, turning it this way and that way, up and down, speeding it with the velocity of the wind and again slowing down to the pace of a Central Vermont train over Roxbury Heights. All the while the device responds to the direction of the being seated prominently in the fore part of the machine, and finally the human controller brings the wide-spreading monster (as it now appears) to the ground, the device touching the ground and hopping along much like a bird, until, the motor stilled, the machine comes to a complete halt. And the device, which seemed almost to be possessed of bird energy and cunning as it sped through the air, now is but a mass of metal and wood, inert and apparently no more capable of flying than a moving machine. From its center steps forth a man—the conqueror of the air.

It is an aeroplane—a biplane, to be more explicit. And the above is, roughly, the impression which the staring thousands at the Northfield fair gained as they saw a Vermont man flying over the hills and valleys immediately contiguous to the fairgrounds. In the light of modern scientific development it was not a wonderful performance, but when seen from one's own doorstep, as it were, the exhibition takes on new comprehension as to the progress of the age.

Little Men Grow Bigger.  
and big men are kept from growing small by Life and Endowment Insurance. National Life Insurance Co. of Vt. (Mutual). S. S. Ballard, general agent, Montpelier, Vt.

One hundred and fifty new rugs and art squares just received at Hales, 118 North Main street.



"1,000,000 farmers in the United States own their own land and of these 2,600,000 are free from debt. These self-educated, silent thinkers are not only able to separate the chaff from the wheat, but to run the whole threshing machine."—Collier's Weekly.

To separate the chaff from the wheat, the cotton from the wool, is one of the big responsibilities of the merchant in buying clothing. Nowadays there are so many slick mixtures that it takes experience and a keen eye to pick the good ones. Our new fall suits and overcoats at prices from \$10 to \$25 include every grade that is reliable.

Ready to wear or made to order.

We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing.

**FRY ROGERS & CO.**

174 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.  
The Big Store With the Little Prices.

### JINGLES AND JESTS

#### Poetry and Prose.

HE  
I did not know before we met  
That breezes ever blew so sweetly;  
I did not know I might forget  
All but my love for you completely;  
I did not know before I heard  
The music of your voice how pleasing  
The cadence of the poorest word—  
SHE.  
Aw, now, I know you're only teasing!

HE.  
Before we met I never knew  
The gleaming stars could shine so brightly;  
Or that the sparkle of the dew  
Could cause my heart to beat so lightly;  
Before I gazed in your soft eyes  
And felt a thrill of joy surge through me  
I had not guessed how fair the skies—  
SHE.  
Aw, say, what's this you're handin' me?

HE.  
I did not know ere I beheld  
You, your fresh and wholesome beauty  
How sweet the blushing roses smelled,  
Nor could I while away on duty.  
But since you came to make me glad  
Sweet songs come to my lips unbidden,  
And I've forgotten to be sad—  
SHE.  
Say, Algernon, cut out the kiddin'!  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### Outwitted Him.

Mrs. Pankhurst, the suffragette, surprised some of her friends a short while ago when she related this little incident:  
"A lady had sued a railroad for \$40,000 damages and secured a verdict and was paid the full amount subject to her order. Her attorney didn't get a penny."  
"Why, that seems incredible," one of the party said. "How did it happen?"  
"She found a way to outwit him."  
"What did she do?"  
"She married the lawyer."—Judge.

#### No Quorum Again.

The stranger from New Zealand sat in the house gallery.  
"And why," he asked, "are there so few legislators present?"  
"The home team plays on the home grounds today," replied his guide.  
The stranger nodded and took out his notebook.  
"When national legislation interferes with the national game," he wrote, "the national legislators show their deep disapproval by unanimously absenting themselves from their official seats."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### Higher Criticism.

"Did you enjoy Miss Dodgeson's singing last evening?"  
"Well, in a way I did. But it seemed to me that she lacked a sense of proportion."  
"Yes, I noticed that too. A person as stout as she is ought to wear her stripes running up and down instead of the other way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### "Easy Come"

"It was raining last night, and I went to two receptions. I had the bad luck to lose my umbrella at the second."  
"Well, it was lucky you didn't lose it at the first."  
"Oh, I got it there."—Lippincott's Magazine.

#### Another Bargain.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "did you say those blue chips were worth a dollar apiece?"  
"Yes."

"Well, here is a whole boxful that I got for 98 cents, with some other colors thrown in."—Washington Star.

#### The Reason.

"Why is it that the dog is always referred to as the most intelligent animal?" asked the elephant.  
"Because he knows how to get a good living without doing any work," replied the horse.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## SILENCING A BLACKMAILER

Plot of a Rascal Foiled by a Woman.

Robert Larned sat in his private office. In the adjoining rooms a small army of clerks were busy with pens and papers and account books; people were coming and going, all making the hum of business. A clerk opened Mr. Larned's door and said:  
"A man wishes to see you, sir."  
"Let him give his name."  
"I asked him for it, and he refused."  
"What is his business?"  
"He would not give that either."  
"What kind of a looking man is he?"  
"Shabby and dissipated. He says he knew you when you lived in Avondale."  
Larned paled and directed the clerk to show the man in. The person had about him marks of a past refinement, though scarcely recognizable in his threadbare garb and that complexion which indicates immoderate use of liquor.

"You don't remember me, do you?"  
"No, I don't."  
"And I don't remember you as Robert Larned, but I do remember you as Frank Elrod. I'm Steve Cummings." Larned turned a shade paler.  
"Well, what can I do for you?"  
"I'm in great need of funds."  
"Would \$50 be of any service?"  
"Fifty thousand would."  
Larned sat looking at the man.  
"I suppose you remember the missing funds of the Arlington bank?" said the visitor.

A pained look passed over Larned's face, but he had evidently been prepared for the question.

"I do."  
"And your flight at the same time?"  
"I left Arlington just before the robbery was discovered."  
"And didn't see fit to show up when it was discovered?"  
"Well, go on!"

"A few years ago you came here with money and went into business. Dishonesty has paid you better than honesty has paid me. What do you say to a divide?"

"You mean you must be paid to remain silent?"

"That's about it."  
"And you ask \$50,000? How long before you'll want \$50,000 more?"

"Give me the money and I'll put it out of my power to ask more."

Larned after awhile said:  
"There's another person interested in this matter whom I must consult."

Cummings looked at him anxiously.  
"This is Tuesday"—looking at a calendar on the desk before him. "Come Saturday afternoon at 2."

At 2 o'clock the next Saturday afternoon the door to Larned's private office opened and Cummings walked in. His hand had not left the doorknob when he noticed that in the room with Larned was a lady. He started. He knew her well.

"This lady," said Larned, "is interested with me in the matter we were discussing the other day."

"What's she got to do with it?" asked Cummings uneasily.  
"She is my betrothed."

"Mr. Larned," said the lady, "has placed these negotiations in my hands. He will do whatever I desire him to do. What is the least sum you will take to guarantee silence?"

"I'm not used to dealing with women."

"You'll have to deal with me or no one."

She looked at Larned, who confirmed her words.

"I said \$50,000," said Cummings.  
"I'll give you \$5,000."

Cummings turned to go. The lady stopped him.

"I would advise you to take what I offer you, and I will give you five minutes to decide. If you refuse I'll give you nothing."

"You do as you like. I'll put the bank in a way to recover the loss."

"The loss is recovered for the bank. One of the persons who stole the money returned his share. Mr. Larned has offered me my choice of a wedding present. I have chosen the remainder due. I shall turn it in to the bank."

Cummings looked at her with anxious inquiry. "I don't like your coming into this case," he said. "Maybe you know more than I think you do. Maybe you're interested more than as the betrothed of Frank Elrod."

"I am. I am interested as the sister of the boy you made your tool when you robbed the bank."

Cummings staggered.

"It's hard for me to enter upon my own affairs to such as you," she continued, "but it is necessary. Mr. Elrod proposed to me just before your robbery. I declined him, and he went away. Before news of the robbery reached him my brother confessed to me. I wrote Mr. Elrod asking him to make no appearance of denial till I could discover what I might do to save Ben. Mr. Elrod has borne the burden as Mr. Larned ever since."

The rest is too pitiful to dwell upon. Cummings, once a trusted clerk in the bank, had ruined not only himself, but a boy of nineteen. Cummings had spent his, the lion's share of the money stolen, and had been reduced by poverty and drink to attempt to blackmail the innocent man who for love had borne the burden. Cummings left the office with the promise of a small stipend. It was thought better to keep him from harm lest he betray the brother he had led into error.

Nicely Turned.  
Mrs. Peck—We have been married twenty years today, John. John (with a sigh)—Yes, for twenty years we've fought.—Mrs. Peck (scowling)—What? John (quickly)—Life's battles together, Maria.

Every age has its problem, by solving which humanity is helped forward.—Heine.

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Early Birds.

Three little boys went fishing  
At the very break of day.  
They packed their lunch  
And gathered their bunch  
And hastily stole away.

Ere the rising sun was peeping  
From behind yon distant hill  
Said one brave heart,  
"With this early start  
We'll surely catch our fill."

"Early birds," then spoke a knowing fish  
As he dodged a hook or two,  
"Though you are wise  
To early rise,  
We play the same game too."

But still they sat there fishing,  
Wet with the morning dew.  
At last they beat  
A silent retreat,  
And no one of it knew.

While the birdies still were singing  
In the treetops overhead  
Three wiser boys  
Without much noise  
Crept slyly back to bed.  
—Philadelphia Record.

### Game of Black Art.

Two of the players must know the game. One sits in a chair and the other stands behind him. The company is asked to write a word or a quotation or question on a slip of paper previously given to each one. When this is done all the slips are collected by the player, who stands behind the chair.

Now, before the game begins, this player has written and given to the one in the chair a quotation the one in the chair holds hidden in his hand.

The player behind the chair then takes a slip he has just collected and presses it against the forehead of player No. 2. After an apparent effort he calls off the quotation that player No. 1 has already given him and which he has hastily read.

"Who wrote that?" asked No. 2. And then No. 1, who in the sight of all pretended to write a paper at the time they all did, says, "I did," and hands the paper pressed against the forehead to No. 2. But, you will see, the paper held against the forehead was really written by one of the circle, so No. 2 has one paper ahead each time, which he reads and then asks: "Who wrote that?"

If this is deftly done it puzzles a company for a long time.

The Schoolmaster.  
The schoolmaster is a good summer game. The one of the party who volunteers to be master of the ceremony places himself in front of his class, who are all seated in a row on the porch or in the garden. If agreeable he can examine his subjects in all the different branches of education in succession or he may go from one to the other indiscriminately. Supposing, however, he decides to begin with natural history, he will proceed as follows: Pointing to the pupil at the top of the class, he asks the name of a bird beginning with C. Should the pupil not name a bird with this letter by the time the master has counted ten it is passed on immediately to the next, who if successful and calls out "cuckoo" or "crow," etc., in time, goes above the one who has failed.

Authors, singers, actors or anything else may be chosen, as subjects for examination; but, whatever may be selected, the questions must follow each other with very great rapidity or the charm of the game will be wanting.

Hunt the Sheep.  
This is an outdoor game for boys or girls and is both good fun and good exercise. Any number can play—the more the merrier. Two "captains" are chosen and the players divided into sides, each side with a captain. The counting out process is applied to the two sides as if they were but two individuals. The side that is "it" stays in a staked space, while the captain of the other side hides all of his charges. He then returns, to walk like a marshal, beside his opponents, to see that they all keep in a straight line as they search for those hidden.

Whenever the searching party comes too near the objects of their search the captain of the hidden side calls out "Lemon!" and after two or three such warnings, when the approach is very close, he at last calls, "Run, sheep, run!" Both sides then race to the goal. Those first reaching the goal stay in next time.

Strawberry Fumes.  
A strange story about the danger of strawberries when in large quantities comes from Brittany. Recently there have been several demands by local tradespeople and tourists to be granted a passage to Plymouth on the little steamers which carry the supply of early strawberries across the channel from Ploumasset, but in every case the request has been refused. As the refusal was ill received in some cases, the shipowners have now given their explanation.

The fumes given out by such large quantities of strawberries, they say, are quite as overpowering and dangerous as those of any strong alcoholic liquor. The crew have to keep on deck for the greater part of the voyage, and no passenger could be carried except at a risk to health.—London Standard.

### Twos and Threes.

The company is grouped in twos and threes, usually only one odd one, and the fun consists in not being caught as the third. This keeps each child looking over her shoulder, for when two are behind the foremost must slip away and find another place or be tapped.

She Couldn't See It.  
Miss—You earn \$50 a month. Before I marry you you'll have to earn \$50 a week. Mister—B-but with you a month would seem but a week.—New York Globe.

### Sometimes Happens.

Mrs. Whyte—I understand she married beneath her. Mrs. Browne—Yes, the young man in the flat below.—Somerville Journal.

## VARIETATED SPELLING.

Mark Twain Liked It Because It Was So Refreshing.

Writing in the Hartford Courant on "Mark Twain," Dr. Edwin P. Parker of Hartford said:

"In 1876, according to my memorandum, a notable spelling match took place at the Asylum Hill Congregational church, in which some thirty persons, under their respective captains, took part. Among these contestants were Dr. Burton, Judge Carpenter, Charles E. Perkins, Mr. Clemens, Mr. Twichell, Charles H. Clark, General Hawley, Miss Trumbull, Miss Blythe, Miss Burbank and Miss Stone. At last there were left standing only Dr. Burton and Miss Stone, and the gallant doctor took the first opportunity to make an error and so to leave Miss Stone the winner."

"But this notable contest was preceded by a preliminary speech in which Mr. Clemens wittily criticized the supposed necessity of having any uniform and arbitrary way of spelling words. Among several amusing illustrations of his argument was one as follows: 'I have a correspondent whose letters are always a refreshment to me, there is such a breezy, unfettered originality about his orthography. He always spells Kow with a large K. Now, that is just as good as to spell it in the conventional way with a small one! It is better, for it suggests to the mind a new, grand and impressive creature.'"

"Nevertheless, in the contest that ensued Mr. Clemens produced no 'superb effects of variegated spelling,' but stood up among the last five, if my record is right, only Mr. Clark, Miss Keep, Dr. Burton and Miss Stone outlasting him."

A Bad Spill.  
"Here's a young woman left \$500,000 merely for spilling a little sunshine into an old man's life."

"Her experience is more fortunate than mine. I once spilled a cup of coffee into an old man's lap and he cut me out of his will altogether."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Satisfied With Sound.  
"The man has a wonderful flow of language," said the impressionable girl.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "He is one of the people who would rather talk than be listened to."—Washington Star.

### Report of the Condition

OF  
The Peoples National Bank of Barre,  
at Barre, in the State of Vermont,  
at the close of business, September 4, 1912.

#### RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$350,166.85
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	861.07
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Other bonds to secure Postal Savings	7,500.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	150,807.76
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures	5,442.47
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	792.12
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies and Savings Banks	465.00
Due from approved reserve agents, Checks and other cash items	28,586.73
Notes of other National Banks	845.61
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	1,730.00
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz: Specie	70.51
Legal-tender notes	4,740.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 percent of circulation)	19,326.45
Total	\$638,818.59

#### LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	6,919.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	13,149.02
National Bank notes outstanding	90,000.00
Due to other National Banks	166.31
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	1,054.73
Dividends unpaid	56.00
Individual deposits subject to check	321,644.30
Demand certificates of deposit	32,063.73
Time Certificates of Deposit	34,528.85
Certified checks	62.95
Cashier's checks outstanding	2,925.88
Postal Savings deposits	1,566.82
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	20,000.00
Reserve for taxes	425.00
Total	\$638,818.59

STATE OF VERMONT, J. D. P. TOWS, COUNTY OF WASHINGTON, ss., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

D. P. TOWS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of September, 1912.

HORATIO W. SCOTT, Notary Public.

### CORRECT—Attest:

F. D. LADD, W. D. SMITH, A. J. YOUNG, Directors.

## SALOME

Saves Time and Labor.

It does the washing without breaking your back over the wash board.

SALOME will give you as good a wash as you ever hung out to dry; it will not injure the finest fabric. It only costs—

Ten Cents  
at "Davis' Drug Store."  
Free samples Saturday for next Monday's washing.

Try It.

D. F. DAVIS "The Druggist,"  
262 North Main Street Barre, Vermont

### BAY STATE

LIQUID PAINT

LOOKS WELL  
WEARS WELL  
SELLS WELL

Try some of it on that house.

### FOR SALE BY

ALICE V. BECKLEY,

Successor to G. A. Wilkinson,  
N. E. Tel. 31-11 46 North Main Street

# More New Goods at Vaughan's

We have been busy for the past week opening New Fall Goods.

We are preparing for the biggest fall business we ever had. Many new things added to our garment department on second floor where you will find our prices right for good merchandise. We invite you to visit our second floor.

Ladies' new Serge Dresses, \$7.50 up  
New Silk Waists, \$2.98, \$3.25 up  
New Lace Waists, \$3.75, \$3.98 up  
Special—best \$1 Kid Glove, 85c pair

## Sale of Blankets and Outing Flannels

Fortunate again for our customers, the Boston Dry Goods Company, Boston's largest wholesale house, is going out of business. We made a purchase of 500 pairs of Blankets and put them on sale at once, for cash at a saving of

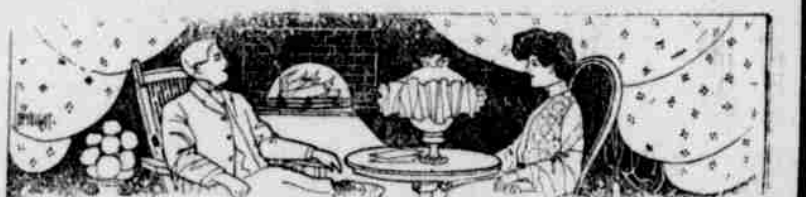
20 to 25 per cent

## Sale of Outing Flannels

2,000 yards best 10c Outing Flannel on sale at once until sold at 8c yard.

500 yards Table Damask, special this week, at 45c yard.

*The Vaughan Store*



## "The Solid Comfort of Your Home"

will be improved about 100 per cent if you choose your furniture from our present stock. For the sleeping room we have Princess Dressers in circassian, walnut, mahogany, birch and oak, with chiffonier to match, from \$16.50 to \$30.00 each. Chamber Suites in all woods, \$24.00 to \$75.00. Agents for the famous "Ideal" Springs, also for the "Thermo" Silk Floss Mattress—"the best made"

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A. W. BADGER & CO.,  
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## NOTICE Tenement Owners!

The one-half-price Wall Paper Sale is now on. We buy our Wall Paper in five hundred dollar lots. Therefore we can give you bottom prices.

M. J. WHITCOMB, East Barre, Vt.

## An Advertisement in the Times Will Bring Sure Results.

## UNDERTAKERS Licensed Embalmers

NIGHT OR DAY CALLS  
WILL RECEIVE PROMPT  
ATTENTION

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